S. H. Wallis.

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When Matty was five years old, her uncle John gave her a birthday present. What do you think it was? A yellow-bird in a green cage. Matty clapped her hands with joy, and did not forget to say, "I thank you, uncle John, very much indeed."

The cage had a green glass cup of water on one side for yellow-bird's drink, and a green glass cup of seeds on the other side for its food. There was also a white tub inside for birdie to wash in. Matty filled the tub with fresh warm water every morning, and saw it take its bath. "Peep!" said birdie from its perch. "Peep!" said he, hopping on the rim of his little tub. "Peep!" he said, dipping his bill into the water. If it felt right, in he went, splashing and dashing, flapping his wings, and bobbing up and down to his heart's delight. I wish every little child loved to be washed so.

What diverted Matty most was the way it went to bed. It put its head under its wing, and went to sleep on one foot, and that was all; much easier than *her* way, she thought, which was to be undressed and washed, taking "so long," especially when she was sleepy. But little girls must remember that long is made longer by impatience or fretfulness, and that I do not believe yellow-bird knows any thing about. His early morning song often wakes Matty. "Ah, you are praising God 'fore I," Matty says.

She often talks to her little bird, and asks him many questions; to all of which he says, "Peep, peep!" which is certainly a very prudent answer.

In summer she used to fetch him chickweed and plantain seeds fresh from the garden. "Birdie," she said, "are you not very glad to be waited upon so?" "Peep!" answered birdie. Whether that was yes or no, I cannot tell.

One morning after breakfast Frank opened the cage door, and out flew birdie. After making a few stops, he lighted on the table. He hopped from one plate to another, from a cup to the pitcher, and the pitcher to a cup, picking up the crumbs and taking a drink where he pleased, to the great delight of the children.

I thought he was very much pleased to *wait upon himself;* and I wish some little boys and girls whom I know, that are very fond of being *waited upon*, liked it as well.

Canary-birds sometimes live twenty years in a cage. May Matty's bird live as long.

For the Child's Paper.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO.

A little boy about four years old lived one summer near a great palace of the king of Italy. Around the palace were the famous Boboli Gardens. They were full of laurels and cypresses and all kinds of trees and flowers. There were many fine statues and fountains, ponds full of fish, and several graceful swans. There were long walks between living walls of green, and shady nooks into which the hot sun could not shine. To these beautiful gardens this little boy went with his nurse every pleasant day. There he used to meet some old officers, who, for their long service in the army of the king, were permitted to live near the palace in quietness the rest of their days.

Very soon the officers and the little boy became good friends. They told him stories of the wars, and gave him flowers to carry home to his mother. One day the little boy carried some tracts, called "The Soldier's Inheritance," and gave them to the old officers. The next day they thanked him for the tracts, and asked him to bring others to them. And so for many weeks he gave them good little books, which they read with much interest.

One day the oldest officer, who was the particular friend of the little boy, asked him if he could give him a New Testament. When he went again to the gardens he carried a Testament to the officer. Soon after, the other officers asked where they could find Testaments, and were directed to a place where all kinds of good books could be found, and there they bought Testaments for themselves. Thus it was that God in his providence made this little boy the means of doing good to these old soldiers, giving them religious books, and what was best of all, the Word of Life, which, there is reason to hope, has been a source of great blessing to them.

H.

For The Child's Paper.

MY MIGNONETTE BED.

The rose is called the queen of flowers, and the lily the loveliest of flowers; but mignonette is my favorite. Its fragrance does me good. A sprig will fill the room with its presence. The scent has none of the overpowering sweetness which sickens, or that superabundant richness which clogs. It is clean and spicy.

But mignonette seed has a way of not coming up in our garden. No crop so often disappoints us. This year we bought a paper of seeds, and to insure success, took advice and planted them in a pot in the house. Such pains as we took with the earth—enriching, mixing, sifting it. The pot was put in one window for the morning sun, and in another window for the afternoon sun. It was watered with water as much like a summer shower as we could make it. The pot was watched and sunned and watered as never pot before; and our pains was at length rewarded by seeing small green leaves breaking and opening the earth in every direction.

"The mignonette is coming up," was a piece of news almost as welcome as a victory. It *was* a victory. It freshened my faith in pains-taking, besides clearing up any lingering doubts one might have about the certain connection between sowing and reaping. The small plants grew and throve beautifully, only they seemed very delicate; any simple breeze might snap their tender stems. The pot of mignonette was a decided success; and I thought with pleasure of the innumerable sprigs and bunches which would come from it, and not only for ourselves, but for all our friends who were suffering the poverty of not having a pot of their own.

But I was anxious to have them transplanted. Once in the garden, and all fears would be put to rest. The seeds were *up*, and that was enough—a sure warrant of the precious harvest. They *were* transplanted. Perhaps they were a little hurried out of the pot into the garden, for we were going away, and wanted the work done under our own eye. After they were set out, I looked at our mignonette bed, and was proud of its promise. I went away, and the little plants were left to grow and harden under the general husbandry of the garden.

The June drought came on, and it withered them. Drenching rains followed, and beat them to the earth. Weeds sprang up and choked them. When I came home my mignonette *was gone;* every plant had vanished; not a sprig was left. What a disappointment!

I have thought many times about our lost mignonette, and thought perhaps there were other and more precious plants which have been lost in the same way.

How many fathers and mothers and ministers of the gospel are instant in season and out of season in sowing the seeds of divine truth in young and tender souls. How carefully they prepare the soil; how zealously they sow the seed; how they water it with their tears, and warm it into being with all the tender persuasives of sympathy and affection. God blesses their toil, and hears their prayers. We behold the delicate shoots of early piety springing up in their ripening characters. Rich promises are held out to us, and we rejoice over them with great joy.

"Ah," we say, "all will be well with them now." We transplant them into the church, and *leave them.* Is not that our danger and mistake? We leave them to take care of themselves, and they are not *strong enough* to be left alone. They need our personal care and watchfulness still. They need training. It is the very time for it. They need nurture—Oh, how much!—to bear the flowers and then the fruit of godly and useful lives. And it is for the lack of this, that when we go and come again we so often find these early promises withered away, crushed by the trials which should have strengthened them, choked by the interminable weeds of aimless nothings; all that we delighted over and hoped in *gone!*

Is there not a lesson here? H. C. K.

NOTHING is more common than to say of a rude, disagreeable person that he is as "surly as a bear;" or of a growling, snappish person, never pleased with any thing you can do for him, that he is as "cross as a bear." No matter how kindly you treat a bear, or how many good things you may give him, he does not seem to show any gratitude. If you speak kindly to a dog, or give him a bone, he will caper round and wag his tail, and try as well as he can to say, "Thank you, thank you; I am very much obliged to you." If you pat your horse's neck and talk pleasantly to him, he will poke out his nose and show how pleased he is. And puss, how she purrs her gratitude for your kindness, and rubs herself by you, as much as to say, "Oh, I love to be as near you as I can."

But you would have to give a great many mouthfuls to a bear before you could get a wag of his tail. A pat he would answer with a growl, and a pleasant tone with some surly grunt. Do you think this little girl belongs to the bear class?

For The Child's Paper.

LITTLE MARY, OR A BETTER WAY.

The bell for recess was just ringing, and from my window towards the school-house green I could see the children rush out, shouting and scattering all around, full of delight at their liberty.

They all knew me, and many smiling "Good-mornings" did I have each day; while in the afternoon, when they were dismissed, I got the recital of what had taken place within the four red walls.

They seemed now to be unusually full of fun and frolic. Every game in vogue among them was duly rehearsed, when suddenly their gaze was turned towards the road.

Down the hill was coming, with his rapid and uncertain step, a poor lad, at once the sport and the dread of the place, known as "Crazy Bob." He was one of those unfortunate beings who give way to outbursts of passion and revenge, and who in some rural districts receive all surplus of mischief from the children.

A consultation was evidently taking place among the older boys, who, I judged, were trying to persuade the rest to enlist for an attack upon Bob.

So it was. He had no sooner come near, than war was declared; and what by being dragged and pushed, by having his tattered hat knocked off and thrown among the bushes, in short, by being teased and tormented in every possible way, he indeed deserved pity. He was a tall young man, and had he tried, might in a moment have dispersed his persecutors.

For some time he endured all with but little resistance, and I was wishing the school-bell should be heard again, when my little friend Mary Brown suddenly ran towards the young tyrants. She seemed to be asking them a favor, and her kind young face beamed with compassion for the poor victim, who now, amid shouts of laughter, was having his hands tied behind his back with small blue and red handkerchiefs.

Bravely approaching, she endeavored to free him. She was a general favorite, and her example soon prevailed; the prisoner was released, Mary taking hold of his great rough hand, and kindly leading him a little way.

That afternoon I called Mary to me. I told her how glad I was she had been compassionate to poor Bob, and that I sincerely hoped she would always do so, and never let the boys ill-treat him without helping him if she could; and I asked her if she would, to me her old friend, say what it was that had kept her from joining them in their cruel amusement.

"Don't you know," she answered, "what you read us last Sunday, that we must 'do to others as we would have others do to us?' and I would not like to be teased, and have my hands tied. I want to obey Jesus, for I love him."

Dear little readers, will you say with Mary, *I want to obey Jesus, for I love him?* Then, when you leave your earthly home, you will in the home above find a place near that Saviour who once said to his disciples, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." ALPA.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT A LAME BOY DID.

Not long ago a grand ceremony took place in an English town, Stoke-on-the-Trent, which interested me very much. It was the erection of a marble statue in a large, public square of the town. Lords and ladies took a part; soldiers paraded with banners flying and drums beating; distinguished men were present; and the people flocked to it from far and near. It was a general holiday. Who was the statue in honor of? One of the lords? No. A famous general? No. A great poet? No. An able statesman? No, no. It was the statue of a *common working-man*, a *potter*, JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD.

He was born in a small village near Stoke in 1730, the son of a poor potter, who died when Josiah was about eleven years old, leaving his family to shift for themselves as best they could. The boy went to work with a brother, where he earned little more than a crust of bread. Here he caught the small-pox. It settled in his leg, which had to be cut off; and that rendering him of no further use to his brother, he had to start on his own account. Scraping together a few tools, he set about trying to make a better kind of knife-handle. The potters round laughed at him, and called it fancy stock. They did not see that it was the *spirit of improvement* which actuated him.

Potter's ware at that time was coarse and dark. Common cups and saucers were brought from Holland; while handsomer sets, both for tea and dinner, came over the ocean, all the way from China. At that time, our grandmothers ate from pewter platters, and grandfathers drank from pewter mugs.

Josiah did not mind what people said; he worked away, observing, experimenting, and trying to improve his work constantly. One important discovery which the young man made was, that certain earths, on being exposed to a furnace heat, turn *white*. This was a great step, and led the way to his manufacturing *white ware*, the first of the kind in England. His small business prospered, for he was industrious and saving, and never wasted his time or his pennies at the ale-shops; and as his business prospered, he had the means for still greater improvement. He bought books, studied chemistry, sought the society of intelligent men, and spared no pains to perfect his work.

I cannot stop to tell you how teacups and saucers and dinner-sets are made. They are baked dough, you know, the dough being made of certain kinds of earths, pounded, kneaded, rolled, and shaped by a machine called the potter's wheel. They are then baked in a kiln thirty or forty hours.

Before Wedgewood's time, the shape of earthenware and the pictures on them were extremely ugly. Of course they did not suit the enterprising young man, and he determined to call in the aid of the best artists to help him. Hearing of a promising young artist in London by the name of Flaxman, he went to see him. "Well, my lad," he said, "I hear you are a clever designer. I want some tasteful and simple designs for teacups, jugs, cups, and saucers. I'll pay you well. You don't think the work beneath you, do you?" "By no means, sir," answered Flaxman; "the work is

quite to my taste. Give me a few days, and see what I can do. I will do my best, I assure you, sir."

Flaxman was as good as his word. He made a great many beautiful patterns for Wedgewood; and though he afterwards became a famous sculptor, he always looked back on these early efforts with pleasure, because it helped to cultivate good taste among the people. Wedgewood manufactured an elegant dinner-set for queen Caroline, the first home manufacture ever spread on the royal table; and it so pleased the queen that she appointed him her royal potter. This kind was afterwards known as "Queen's ware." He also made a beautiful cream-colored ware, called "Wedgewood ware," which was and is greatly admired.

Wedgewood's business rapidly increased. Good work is always marketable. Good work always commands good pay. And the poor lame boy made a princely fortune. But in his splendid house he never forgot that he had been a poor boy. He remembered the poor, and his kindness fed many a hungry man and helped many a struggling boy. To every great and good object he gladly and generously lent a helping hand.

I went into a large crockery-ware store the other day. "Where," I asked the man, "was all this crockery made?" "It all came from the Staffordshire potteries in England," he answered, "the famous Wedgewood potteries, which, I dare say, you have heard of." Yes, I had heard of them; and the man showed me Wedgewood's name stamped on many of them. "These terra cotta vases and these Parian pitchers are all manufactured there," he said.

These potteries give employment to more than sixty thousand people, and manufacture at the present time over ten millions of dollars' worth of ware a year, a large part of which is sent to this country.

Josiah Wedgewood, the father of these potteries, has, of course, long been dead; but the statue just raised to his memory shows the high place which the faithful and enterprising mechanic holds in the estimation of the world. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

JESUS IN THE TOMB.

"Mother," said Mary with a sweet smile, "I am not afraid to die. I am not afraid to have my body put in the grave, because *Jesus* was laid in the grave, and I am not afraid to go where he went, mother."

Mary was a little believer. She loved Jesus. People are afraid to die, because they are sinners. But Christ shed his blood that sinners might be forgiven and made good and holy. Mary went to him and was forgiven; therefore she was not afraid to die. She was not afraid to go where her Saviour led the way.

"Mother," she said, "tell me about how they buried Jesus."

Then her mother told her. This is the story. There was a rich man who loved Jesus. His name was Joseph, and he went to the judge and asked if he might have the body of Jesus who was crucified on the cross. The judge told him he might. Joseph was very glad when he got leave to have the body of his Lord. Another man went with him—Nicodemus. He was a rich man too. They went together to the cross, and took the nails out of his hands and the nails out of his feet. It was sad to see how those dear hands had been pierced by the cruel nails. They took down the body from the cross, and wrapped it up in a fine clean linen sheet, and put in some sweet-smelling spices. A cloth they bound round his head, which had been pierced by the crown of thorns. They then carried the body to a garden near the cross. It was Joseph's garden. There was a great rock in the garden, and a cave in the rock. Joseph had the cave made, that he might be buried there himself when he died. But now he was going to bury Jesus there. It was a new tomb; no dead body had ever been put there before. Joseph and Nicodemus laid the dear body of Jesus in it, and they rolled a great stone before the mouth of the cave, that nobody could get in.

That was a night of sorrow among all who loved and followed the Son of God while he was in the world, for they never expected to see his dear face again here, or hear his kind voice speaking to them.

Did Jesus' body stay in the grave? Did it turn to dust like our bodies? No. *Our* bodies turn to dust because we are sinners. Jesus was not a sinner. He came from heaven to bear the punishment of our sins, and his poor bleeding body rested a little while in the tomb. But it did not stay there.

On the third day the Son of God rose from the dead. Mary, who had watched him on the cross, met him in the garden. Peter and John heard the good news, and they ran to the tomb to see. Jesus had gone. But they saw him afterwards, and Oh how glad they were. The Son of God did not stop long on the earth. He went to his Father, and he now sits at the right hand of God the Father in heaven. Once more his voice will be heard, when he comes to judge the world. "All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, to the resurrection of damnation."

Happy, happy, happy they who see in the Judge their loving Saviour, their almighty Friend. To them he will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father;" and he will take them to live with him in heaven for ever.

For The Child's Paper.

One day a poor old man with a basket on his arm knocked at the door and asked for the "lady of the house." The lady of the house went down to see him. "I've something in my basket to show you," said the poor old man; "may-be you'd like him, ma'am." He uncovered his basket, and what did the lady see but a little brown pup, who looked as if he did not like his close quarters very well.

"I am sure Maggie and Henry will like it," said the lady. "How much do you ask for it?" He asked three dollars. The lady gave the poor old man three dollars, quite as much to help him as to have the pup. When she took it in her arms, it straightened itself up, and looked steadily into the lady's face for some seconds. She smiled and stroked its head. This seemed to comfort the little dog's heart, for he licked her hand and settled himself in her arms as if he would like to stay.

When Maggie and Henry came home from school, and found what was in the nursery, they laughed and clapped their hands and capered round. As for doggie, he forgot all his small sorrows, if he had any, and was as full of frolic as God meant little ones to be.

The children called him Fido.

After Fido had been long enough at his new home to know and to love it, he sat on the front steps one fine morning sunning himself and seeing the folks go by. Maggie and Henry had gone to school, so he had nobody to play with. A kind little boy came up and patted him, a thoughtless boy threw a nut at him, a lady said, "Pretty dog," and a little girl tried to coax him to follow her; but Fido never budged. He took no notice of any body except to be civil. He seemed to know he was nothing but a small dog, quite ignorant of the ways of the street, so he had better keep himself to himself. At last a man and his dog came along. As soon as the dog saw Fido, he ran up the steps and put his paw on Fido's head, as much as to say, "You are a clever little fellow." This took Fido's confidence. He ran down the steps after him, and away they went frolicking together. And so Fido in his thoughtlessness might have been lost, for he was straying farther and farther from home, when the big dog spied a cat in a neighboring yard. Oh, how fierce he looked. He flew into a terrible passion, and was through the fence after the cat in a trice. This brought Fido to his senses. Conduct like that he was not used to. Besides, who could tell but *his* turn would come next? "Bad company," thought little Fido, turning on his heels and scudding home as fast as his legs could carry him. Nor did he once trust himself to look behind. The man laughed to see him scud.

And I think boys who make street acquaintances would do well to follow Fido's example. Turn your back upon the *first instance* of rowdy, improper, uncivil conduct, and have *nothing more to do* with those who practise it.

For The Child's Paper.

WHY LOTTIE DID NOT WHISPER IN SCHOOL.

A little girl nine years old came home from school Monday noon. "I have not spoken once this forenoon, mother," said she. After school at night she trotted to her mother, and said, "I have not talked this afternoon, mother. I have not whispered in school *all day*." Every day she ran home, noon and night, with the same clean record. At the end of the week she said, "I have not whispered once this whole week, *not once*;" and she not only looked happy, but she looked as if she had got something better than happiness; she had got *self-mastery*. Perhaps some little child feels puzzled over that hard word, and asks, "What *is* it?" Self-mastery is mastering one's self. Some children, you know, let their feelings run away with them, and are always doing what they want to, whether it is right or wrong, proper or improper. They are *heedless* children, like loose colts or horses. Now, as we must *bridle* a horse to hold him in and have him go right, so we must put a bridle on our feelings, not letting them run loose, but hold them in and guide them right. Self-mastery is holding a steady rein over our inclinations and wishes.

This, you see, is what the little girl did. She *held herself* in, and would not allow herself to whisper in school. I dare say she often and often wanted to.

She did not whisper one whole week. At the end of another, she said, "Mother, I have not talked in school two weeks, *not once*."

I heard her say that. "How did you manage not to talk, Lottie?" I asked.

"Why," said Lottie, "I did not say I would *never* speak. I said, I will try not to whisper this *forenoon*, and I did n't. Then I said, I will try not to this *afternoon*, and I did n't. You see I tried by the half-day, and that made a whole day, and the whole days made, by and by, a week. That made it easier." The secret then was, Lottie did not undertake to do *too much at a time*. That is wise. Children often fail by undertaking too much. I will tell Lottie's secret to all the children of this paper. Every child can strive to do right at home and at school by the *half-days*. Half-days make whole days, and so, little by little, they will form habits of well-doing. H. C. K.

A girl thirteen years old was dying. Lifting her eyes towards the ceiling, she said softly, "*Lift me higher*, lift me higher." Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that, but there," again looking earnestly towards heaven, where her happy soul flew a few moments later.

For The Child's Paper.

WHO makes the sun rise? God. Who took care of you all the dark night? God. Mother was asleep, father was asleep. God never sleeps. His eye watches us. Who opens your eyes in the morning? God. Who gave you a little bed to sleep in? God. Beggar-children have no clean beds. They sleep under a cart, or on the door-steps, or in a coal-yard. They have a crust of bread to eat. Often they go hungry. They wear rags. Who made you better off than the poor beggar? God. Ought you not to love God? Ought you not to thank God? When the sun rises, and you open your eyes in the morning, you must first think, "How good is God; how kind to me, a little child. I will praise him. God sent his dear Son to this world to be my Saviour. Jesus Christ has died for sinners. He died for me. I will ask God to forgive my sins for Christ's sake, and make me a holy child. I will ask him to give me a heart to love him and to please him all day long."

Then you must get out of bed and kneel down to praise him and to pray to him. This is the way to begin a happy day.

WHAT do you do with your cents? Spend them at the candy-shop? There your money is swallowed up, and that is all. A little Sabbath-school scholar thought she would save hers and buy a Bible. She had no Bible. Every time she earned a cent, she went to her teacher and dropped it into her bank. What was her bank? A little box. It stood on her teacher's table. It was a safe box, for no money that went in got easily out. It must have a good reason for coming out; then it came fast enough. When there were cents enough, the little girl counted her money, went down to the shop where Bibles were sold, and bought one.

"Mine to *keep*," said she, hugging it.

"Yours to keep," said the teacher; and she knew the little girl was all the happier for having saved her cents to buy it.

The teacher wrote her name in it, and put these verses in:

I have a Bible of my own;
How thankful I should be
That I am taught to read and know
What God has done for me.

I know he sent his blessed Son
From holy, happy heaven,
To die for sinners such as I,
That we may be forgiven.

I know that it I seek his face,
As I in prayer may do,
He will, for Jesus Christ's dear sake,
Forgive, and bless me too.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccl. 9:10.

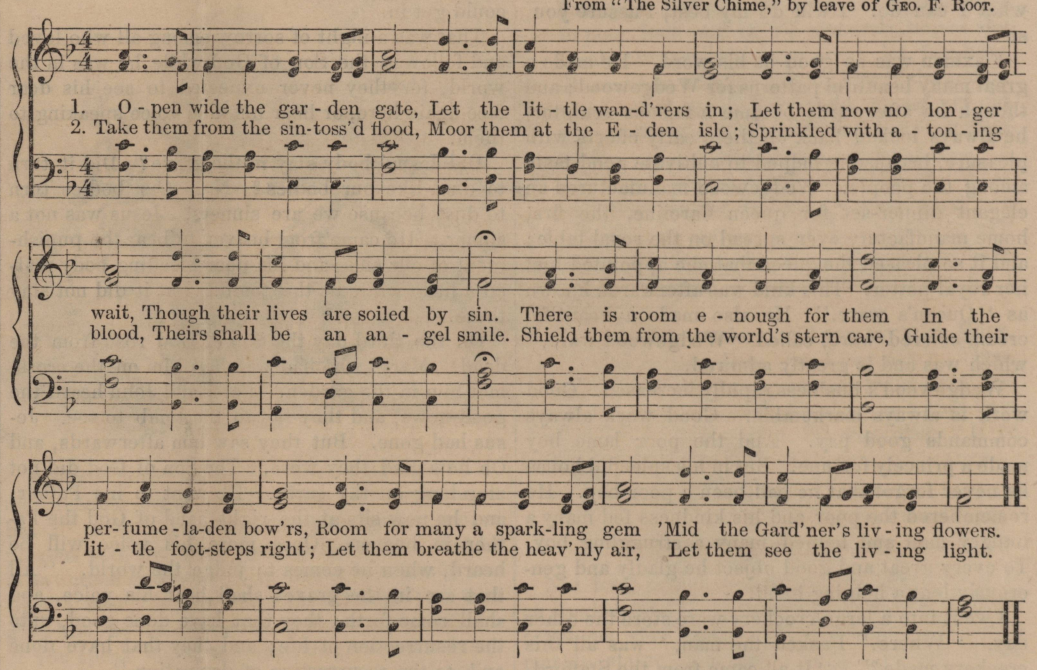
"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men."

Little hands, little hands,
What are you doing?
Breaking God's dear commands
Evil pursuing?
Do the sweet works of love
Only and ever.
Angels and Christ above
Aid your endeavor.

JESUS went up a mountain to pray. He went into a garden and sometimes into the wilderness to pray. Why did he go to such places to pray? Because he wanted to pray in secret. To pray in secret is to pray to God alone, *all by ourselves*, with nobody by. And what Jesus did himself, he tells us to do. He says, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." Jesus, you know, had no house; but he went into the woods, and there prayed. That was his closet. Every day, my child, find some place where you can go and pray to God all by yourself.

OPEN WIDE THE GARDEN GATE.

From "The Silver Chime," by leave of GEO. F. ROOT.



3. Suffer them to come to Him,
Shepherd of the cherub band;
He can light the valley dim,
Leading from this desert land;
Nurtured with a kindly care,
All the weeds of sin kept down,
Golden fruit their lives shall bear,
Till they win the sparkling crown

4. And with golden harps in hand,
Glad'ning all that blest abode,
They shall shine, a star-gemmed band,
In the coronal of God.
Open then the garden gate,
Let the little wand'rers in;
See the blessed Saviour wait—
Wait to save their souls from sin.

For The Child's Paper.

A POOR mother was sick. Mary was sorrowful. She was afraid her mother would die. She nursed her mother as well as a little girl could.

"Doctor," she asked one day, "do you think you shall cure my mother?" "I hope so, Mary," said the doctor. "Don't you think you had better consult Jesus? he is the great Physician, you know," said Mary. "Well, Mary, how can I?" asked the doctor. "*I know*," cried the little girl. "We can kneel down and tell him all about mother, and ask him to heal her." "I suppose he knows already," said the doctor. "But," cried the child, "he *loves to be asked*. He *says*, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'"

Did the doctor? Yes, the doctor was a man who consulted Jesus. He often laid the case of his poor patients at Jesus' feet; and he and Mary now kneeled down together by the bedside and prayed for the sick woman. It gave hope to Mary. It put hope into her mother's heart; and the next week Mary had the pleasure of seeing her mother sit up in a chair and eat her dinner.

Mary's mother got well.

Oh let us keep in mind that Jesus loves to be asked.

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